

WANTED!—MEN OF COURAGE TO HELP RESCUE THE PERISHING.



Terse Topics.

TO ECLIPSE THE CENTURY.

These notes will be read while the salvational atmosphere is heavy with the many influences, plans, and toils of Self-Denial. It is scarcely too much to say that this season may be looked upon as the centre of the Salvational year. Is not self-sacrifice the pivot upon which all reliable undertaking for the redemption of men must revolve? This was the dominating principle of the Christ of the Salvation. It characterized His every motive, work, and word, and this has been the indispensable accompaniment of all lasting service rendered by His servants to others in every age. The great event now in our midst is both important and far-reaching, in its nature and effects. It is at once a gigantic opportunity and a huge objection—the former is offered to every heart akin to the throes of Calvary, especially to every Salvationist, and the latter is declared to the whole world. It is an opportunity to prove our love to God and the lost. We often speak of it, our very uniform commits us to it, but here we have a chance to stamp our words and profession with an undeniable proof of reality. It is an object lesson to the world that aggression, "Christianity" is really within it. A religion that demands a price may not be popular, but it compels confidence. For all these reasons we must and will make the most of Self-Denial Week. It is the heart of the century—it ought to leave behind all previous records—it will do so if individual interest, effort, and denial are all that they ought to be.

A CHILD'S CRIME.

The bright sunshine of a Toronto spring morning was a sharp contrast to the chill of horror which ran through the city the other day. A boy, thirteen years of age, and, in a fit of passion shot his father through the heart—the father lay cold in death, the child was under arrest for the deed. Whether the actual crime was intentional or accidental is not for us to discover here. That a boy of such tender years should display such ungovernable lengths of passion as to point so deadly a weapon at his parent is a terrible instance of the depravity in a child-mind. Whether the cause was the result of an over-indulgent training or resulting from the feverish excitement of unhealthily reading, the terrible incident brings us a fresh face to face with the question of the children's salvation. If it is possible for a child to go so far in the perpetration of evil, then surely a child, too, may experience the deliverance and power of conversion. While a crime of such grave nature can scar such tender years, which should be the prerogative of innocence and joy, it behoves every follower of Christ and lover of His Kingdom to take up in their hearts, in their efforts, and in their prayers the seeking, saving, and educating in and for righteousness of all child-hearts and minds.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"I press toward the mark."—Phil. iii. 14. "From strength to strength."—Ps. lxxxiv. 7.
Now onward, ever onward, "from strength to strength" we go. While "grace for grace" abundantly shall from His fullness flow.

MONDAY.—"And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts."—Matt. ii. 11.

Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself: and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

TUESDAY.—"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."—Deut. xxi. 17.

O Son of God, Who lovest me, I will be Thine alone;
And all I am, and all I have, shall henceforth be Thine own.

WEDNESDAY.—"Ye are Christ's."—1 Cor. iii. 23.

Let Him teach thee what He will,
In thee day by day fulfil
All His sweet and blessed will.

THURSDAY.—"Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

Arose: To follow in His track, His lowly ones to cheer,
And on an upward path look back, with every brightening year.

FRIDAY.—"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death."—Phil. i. 20.

Just what Thou wilt: No choice for me.
Life is a gift to use for Thee.
Death is a hushed and solemn trust.
With Thee, my King, my Saviour—Christ.

Men and women generally are vol-
unteering, it seems, for everything
else but for Jesus, and His power to
save, and keep, and sanctify in this
life, and prepare them for the life
to come. Jesus calls for volunteers
to enlist under the Blood-stained Banner
of the Cross. Our blessed Jesus
can save every soul that will come to
Him confessing, and forsaking, their
sins. Jesus wants to make you strong
and brave soldiers, who will be the
means of doing much damage to the
Kingdom of Satan and rescuing souls
from destruction. May God bless
these few words.—Travis, Cashin, Hal-
fax 1.

On Getting Excited.

On Easter Monday, which was the
day of the Annual Divisional Review,
at Nottingham Eng., a bandman
of the Bulwell corps was
crossing the street in an aris-
tocratic part of the town dur-
ing the tea time, when he was
addressed by a gentleman, who, prob-
ably impressed by the quantity of
uniform to be seen in the streets, en-
quired if the Salvation Army was
having a Field Day, and, on receiving
an affirmative answer, entered into
conversation about the Army.
He expressed himself as being in
sympathy with our principles and aims
and the work done. "But, then, you
know," said he, "some of your people
get so excited."

Ans. rejoined the bandman, "I
have been deep, he is drunken in his
No matter how low his standard of joy,
No matter how filthy and unclean, he's some
mother's boy."

That had been followed on some
tender breast
That form has been wept over, those lips
have been pressed.
That soul has been prayed for in times
sweet and mild.
For her sake don't grieve for some
mother's child.

used to get excited myself, but I don't
get nearly so excited as I used to do
some years ago."

"No," said the gentleman, "I sup-
pose that in time you get more set-
tled down and quiet, and take things
much more reasonably?"

"No," the bandman continued, "I
don't get so excited as I used to do.
I used to get half-drunken, and get so
excited that I scarcely know what I
was doing. After working hard all
the week, I would spend my money
in a way that was good neither for
body nor soul. But I have left off
doing that since I got saved, and al-
though I don't get so excited as I
formerly did, I am much more happy.
I have a comfortable home, am ready
to help those in need, and give a little
to the collection as well."

The gentleman at once saw the
point, enjoyed the humor of it, and
went his way with good wishes for
the bandman and the Army.—ii. 1,
8.

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added my entreaties that he would
yield to conviction and return to God.
"Let me alone!" he cried, "I am
going away!"
"I watched him leave the hall, &
determined to hold on to God for his
soul. He went home, and got to bed.
Unable to sleep, he rose, lighted a
fire and paced the room, once or twice
handling a revolver which he kept in
a drawer. Three times he lay down
without being able to sleep.
"At length the morning came, and
impelled by a power stronger than
himself, he made his way to the quar-
ters."

"His face was agonized, and, in re-
ply to my glad welcome, he advanced
towards me, crying in furious tones,
'I have come to forbid you to pray for
me. You are driving me to commit
suicide!'"

"Calling my Lieutenant, and taking
hold of the backslider's coat to pre-
vent his escape, I called upon God to
cast out the devil from his soul. Then
the Lieutenant prayed. We were
ceased till he who was possessed fell
upon his knees between us and cried
to God to deliver him. At this the
devil fled, and the restored backslider
rose to his feet shouting, 'Victory
through the Blood!'"
"I was glad I had persevered."

What a Soldier Should Know

How Not to Dress.

Salvation soldiers should avoid
everything in their dress, or the doing
of their hair, or anything else, that
looks like vanity, and which would
make the impression that they want
people to admire them. This is of the
world, and therefore, of the devil,
and will destroy, if practiced, any
good influence which might otherwise
proceed from their exhortations or
prayers, or any other efforts.

How to Dress.

At the same time they should en-
deavor to carry themselves and make
such an appearance as will bring cred-
it on the Army; they should be clean,
orderly and neat. As far as their em-
ployment will allow, they should have
clean hands, face, teeth, and clothing.
No one will think any better of the
Army, or of the salvation they re-
present through their being unclean-
sarily dirty or slovenly in appearance.

General Department.

This also applies to their walk. They
should endeavor to carry themselves as
upright and as soldier-like as possible.
They must guard against anything of a lar-
gish, giggling, boisterous character in
the ranks, meetings, or anywhere
else. To be seen laughing and jesting
has a very bad influence anywhere,
or at any time, but especially will it
be so in a service, indoors or out.
They should avoid all unnecessary
talking, especially on the platform, or
during the progress of a service. They
should not whisper, or pass notes, or
make any other kind of a meeting in pro-
gress. Their work is a very serious
one, and they should be serious in
the discharge of it.

Why We March.

Processioning has held a very im-
portant position in the Army from the
very commencement. To turn out into
the streets with a uniform on, or sign
of Salvationism, and to follow the
leader in the presence of the ungodly
in itself a protest against the world,
and a public assertion of the claims of
Jehovah to the love and service of the
people.

Advantages of Uniform on the Street.

The larger the number of soldiers
who march, the more generally they
are dressed in uniform, and the more
orderly and soldier-like their march-
ing, the more useful such a procession
is likely to be. Every soldier, there-
fore, can in this respect help to make
the every-day marches of the Army
more powerful for good and more
honoring to God.

The Testimony Marching Tells.

To march in such a procession says
to all around: "I believe in God and in
His right to the service of every hu-
man being." I have myself accepted
His offer of grace. Every soldier at the
present moment in the enjoyment of
it, and hereby proclaim the fact to all
the people of this town and neighbor-
hood, and invite everyone else to come
and share in the blessings that I en-
joy."

Somebody's Child.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Whenever I chance in this wide world to
meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is
wild,
My heart echoes softly: "'Tis some
mother's child."

And when I see those dear whom long
years have parted,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly: "'Tis some
mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has
strayed,
No matter what inroad disunion hath
made,

SATURDAY.—"I am glorified in
them."—John xvii. 10.

Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness,
that we
Whose swift, short hours of day so
swiftly run.

So overladen with love and light may
be,
So lost in glory of the wearing Sun.
That not our light, but Thine, the
world may see.

Now praise to Thee through our poor
lives be won.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED.

Africa has been the means of stirring
up a tremendous lot of enthusiasm,
patriotism, and war spirit among British
subjects the world over. Canada
alone sending thousands of her sons
who have volunteered to fight for their
flag, and national honor. In thinking
over this I said, "My Lord, if people
can manifest and practice such devo-
tion for an earthly kingdom, in being
willing to sacrifice good situations,
etc., and their lives if need be, how
much more ought we, who profess to
be His followers, to be willing to sacri-
fice for Christ and His glorious king-
dom?"

"The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence."

A Field Officer writes: "Some time
ago I watched a poor backslider
struggling with his good angel, then

Self-Denial Work in Hell.

ANOTHER VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER IV.

Satan's Views of the Army Self-Denial.

"These Spirits from Heaven," Satan continued, with the utmost scorn, "will strive to urge these mad Salvationists to seek the possession of that Spirit (he dare not say the Holy Ghost) that made the Apostles so mighty, the Martyrs so brave, the departed Saints so holy, and that still carries all before it; but you must whisper in their ears that such Perseverance and Power, and Efficiency are impossible in these latter times—at least, impossible to such humble people as they are."

"These Heavenly Spirits will urge the Salvationists to leave Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, Social and other human Joys; to wander about as Strangers and Pilgrims among men, in order to win them to God, and Holiness, and Heaven; but you must haunt them in the night season with pictures of what they will have to suffer, and tempt them with Wives, and Husbands, and Situations, and Money, and Respectability, and the thoughts of Home and Children, and all the joys of a Comfortable Life."

"These Heavenly Spirits will try and persuade Parents to train their Children to become Apostles, and Martyrs, and Sufferers, and Warriors for Christ; but you must follow such Parents about with suggestions as to what their Children might do and be for them in the way of Service, Companionship, and Comfort in the Houses, and Business, and in their Old Age."

"These Heavenly Spirits will, by inspiring thoughts of Heaven's joys and Hell's miseries, and by the Great Sacrifice made for them two thousand years ago (I noticed that he dare not so much as mention the name of Christ) seek to inflame those mad, infatuated people with a Burning, Fiery Enthusiasm for the Cause to which they have consecrated their lives. Now, this will be very dangerous, so that where there is any likelihood of this Fire taking any serious hold of souls, you must do all that in you lies to quench it. You can use

Prosperity, or Adversity, or Vanity, or Companionship of the Half-Saved people round about, and if all these fail you can try to divert their energies from the great object for which they profess to live,

BY SOME RELIGIOUS FAD OR OTHER.

You must be desperate, and do anything to turn their attention from these terrible times, and so cool the ardor of such Mad, Fiery People."

"Then these Heavenly Spirits, having good, sound sense, which I must admit, will urge those Rabid Salvationists to give their Goods and Money and to deny themselves of Luxuries, and even the Necessities of life, in order to furnish funds to carry on their War. Such notions, I need not say, you must oppose tooth and nail, and, by lies, and misrepresentations and appeals to the weaknesses and selfishnesses of human nature, seek to defeat."

"Nobody knows better than we do that War cannot be carried on in your der World, or in any other, without Money, and a good deal of it too, if anything is to be done worth doing; and one of my hopes respecting these people is that they will, sooner or later, stick fast for want of means. Now, whenever and wherever these Angel-Spirits suggest to these Salvation People that they must give and sacrifice for the love of their Master, and the maintenance of His work, you must hurry up to meet the rising feeling by reminding them of the duty of taking care of themselves and their families, of providing for the future, of the possibilities of sickness, or of the provision needed for old age; and if you can only shut up their hearts, and stop the wild, generous spirit that takes possession of them especially on Self-Denial Week, which is just coming on, the things will soon be brought down here that the Salvation Army has been utterly defeated."

As the words escaped the lips of the Devil, the whole audience of Devils rose to their feet, and, intoxicated by the thought of the bare possibility of such a collapse, fairly leapt and shouted with delight. Even the Prince failed to secure sufficient order to proceed, and, supposing he had produced

the effect desired, he vanished away, and in the delirium of gladness at the prospect of a speedy collapse of the Salvation Army, my Vision vanished too.

CHAPTER V.

Comrades and Friends of this Divine Warfare, Lovers of the Souls of men, Sympathizers with the Sorrows of mankind, Followers of the Suffering Son of God, I ask you, one and all, Who is to win this mighty Conflict—God or Satan, Angels or Devils, Heaven or Hell? If the Victory is to be on the side of Heaven you must help with the Sineas of War—help heartily, help at once!

THIS IS SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

S.-D. PROSPECTS

IN THE W. O. P.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The question of the hour is the coming S.-D. effort. We are pleased to note the evident desire and determination of every D. O. and F. O. to "get there" once more, and the signs of the times all point to a victorious fight.

London—the Leader.

This corps will again assert itself. The writings of a prominent British statesman make this assertion, "What Lancashire does to-day England will do to-morrow." How far this remark may be true we are not prepared to say, but we know it is a self-evident fact that the Forest City leads in all things pertaining to S. A. matters in West Ontario, and of the enthusiasm and determination of the "Home Guard" is an indication of what the Provincial troops will do in general, then our target is a foregone conclusion. Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield are not of the faith that lets the grass grow under their feet. Great things may be expected of the London Veterans.

The rest of the London District will fall in line, and prove that God, grit, and gumption can succeed every time.

Chatham District

is once more led on by our loyal and devoted comrades, Adjt. and Mrs. Combs. They smashed their target last year, and will do it again without doubt, especially when we consider such warriors as Ensigns Slote, Gamble, and Green, and Capt. Halsey, Green, Co., Huntingdon, and White, and Lieutenant Thompson at the head of their ranks. For the sake of comrades and you will carry every position.

Brantford District

will be very much in evidence with Adjt. and Mrs. MacAmmond to pilot the troops. The Juniors of this brigade are in for doing a big stroke. Guelph, Galt, Paris, Berlin, and Hespeler are all bent on victory.

Stratford District

has the redoubtable Orchard to lead on the forces. The Adjutant says he is not a believer in "big game" religion, and has given out as the S.-D. motto: "Be very courageous." I am sure with brave hearts our comrades will sweep aside all the obstacles that may be in their way, and the standard of victory shall wave in their hands.

Petrolia District

of course is safe, when it is remembered that Adjt. Blumhurn, who is supposed to know all the moves on the board in connection with special efforts, is at the helm. We believe he has his plans well laid, and P. H. Q. has the assurance that the oil-producing district will supply the necessary lubrication to reach their target.

Simcoe District.

The Braves in the Simcoe District will carry their positions all right under the leadership of Adjt. McHarg. Ensign Crawford and Capt. Stitzer are responsible for the Woodstock contingent, and will give a good account of themselves, while Thompson and Norwich will get there under the direction of Capt. Hoekin and Mathers. We are sure of one thing, that Adjt. McHarg will carry his points at all cost.

Forward, comrades, all eyes are upon you. Let the love of Christ, and unswerving fidelity to the Flag, urge us to a complete conquest in the S.-D. battle of 1900. God grant it.

SOMETHING here led me to make a closer observation of the audience, and in doing so I remarked that on either side of the Throne where the Speaker stood were seats of honor occupied by Creatures of gigantic stature and hideous form. Hatred, and Revenge, and Cunning, and Cruelty, and every other Diabolical Passion were deeply stamped upon their features. Who could they be? The Black Prince himself answered my question.

"Turning to those on his left, he said:—

"You are my trusted Leaders on the Earth." As he spoke I shuddered at seeing before me the Fiends charged with the task of effecting the ruin of the souls of men. "I have summoned you," the Prince proceeded, "to assure you afresh of my fullest confidence. I have no complaint to make. You have served me faithfully and well. By the agency of Drink, and Lust, and Pleasure, and Felton, and Ambition, and Vanity, and Money, and the like, you have swept Millions of souls into my lap. I find it difficult to describe how you could very much improve your tactics. Nevertheless, you must do better still."

And then, turning to the Fiends on the right, he said:—"Comrades, I have chosen you to supplement these brave Servants on my left in the mighty conflict, and to make quite sure of defeating the new Strategy of the King of Heaven, my Everlasting Foe. I send you to track the footsteps of these new Enemies, and to thwart them as far as possible at every turn. I have already information to show that the Heavenly reinforcements will specially seek to co-operate with the hated Salvation Army."

At the mention of that name a deafening shriek burst forth from every Fiend present. It seemed to shake the very foundation of the place. It seemed awful! It was some time before I could listen calmly to what was being said. When I came to myself I found the Prince of Darkness still engaged in giving his new Agents instructions as to how they could best accomplish their task.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.



"Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars . . . there shall be famines and pestilences."—Matt. xiv. 6, 7.

"If any man will come after Me, let him DENY himself."—Matt. xvi. 24.

An adage has it, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." We quite believe that one half the world does not know how the other half suffers.

A careful study of the present condition of a great proportion, to say the least, of this world's inhabitants would convince the most casual student that the many pressing claims of the huge throng of distressed ones dictate the right of powerful appeal to the sympathy, the aid, and the practical assistance of those who merely possess common heart and feeling, to say nothing of those in the embrace of the more tender and generous-making graces of Christianity.

My own heart has been appalled beyond measure while contemplating the condition of these millions of precious mortals, who, this very day, while I write and while you read, are suffering the acutest pangs of famine's torture, of war's capture and devastation, of pestilence's fearful effects, and of fire's frightful destruction and distress, to say nothing whatever of that other great army who are constantly lashed and stung with woeful results as the consequence of sin.

Have you given due and intelligent heed to that side of this world's woe which is expressed in the one word "suffering," and after thinking the matter over, asked your own heart, "What can suffering really mean?" when applied to a famine scourge such as is now in such progress in India, or to a catastrophe such as in the terrible struggle for dear life between the military forces of Britain and Boer in South Africa?

Possibly it might be a somewhat helpful consideration to you to sit down for an hour or two, to face out, to speak, what is your duty in this matter of Self-Denial when weighed in the light of the following facts, and in the realization that the Salvation Army stands to these poor, wretched sufferers as both foe, the wounded, as friend, for the friendless, as healer and helper to those in sorrow and need.

Just think of poor, disconsolate India, with her

Sixty-Five Millions in Distress.

and that despite the herculean efforts being put forth by the Government which is caring for six million famine-stricken people daily; and despite the extra, energetic, and humane endeavors of the Salvation Army and other religious organizations and civil communities, the raging famine is becoming worse, and worse still every day, with but very little prospect of much improvement for some weeks to come.

Think of the failure of crops, of the parched country, of the trees stripped of leaves, of the groves of starving people—thousands dying; of deserted

Two-and-a-Half Millions of People

died of starvation and the effects of the Indian famine of '07.

There is every probability that this year's famine will totally eclipse with its horror and destruction that of '07. Our officers are on the spot and know whereof they speak. Will you hear one or two of them describe the heart-rending scenes which they have personally witnessed?

Child-Skeletons.

Major Bahadur, who has been visiting the famine-stricken districts, writes:



Rush for Food.

"In one part of the camp I saw 1,200 little children all crowded together. Although the Government gives them a little food during the day while their parents are at work yet there are many poor little skeletons among them, and we could see that many of them could never live to the end of the famine. In fact, some of them looked more like monkeys than children. I should think that the majority of them were without a scrap of clothing, and the coverings of those who had anything on at all was simply composed of dirty, soiled rags. Some of the overseers pleaded with us to give the children some clothing, as it was very cold at night, but as none of us had any money at our disposal, we were sorry to have to refuse them. Most of the poor men, women, and children whom we saw lay on the bare ground, and a few on mats which were spread in different parts of the sheds."

A Boy's Sacrifice.

In Gomri, an old Army corps, is a poor widow. She and her little family had been without food for many days, when the eldest boy, about eleven, said:

"Mother, we must have something to eat to-day. I will go and try and cut some leaves."

In consequence of the lack of fodder, farmers try to keep their buffaloes alive on the leaves of trees. The poor, little boy had thought that if he could get a bundle of these he might earn two or three pice. But, alas! in every direction the trees were already stripped, and the only few which remained gave at the end of high branches, in a most dangerous and inaccessible position.

Nevertheless, he must try. So, with his long knife tied to a stick, he climbed a high tree, but, being dizzy from want of food, he fell and broke his skull.

'Poor mother! Poor boy!

A Torrent of Gratitude.

The other day a small boy of nine or ten walked eighteen miles to get a handful or two of grain, because he heard that the Salvation Army was giving a free distribution to half-a-dozen schools. When he received it, he fell to the ground in a torrent of gratitude to embrace the feet of our officers. Tears rolled down the cheeks of all who witnessed the scene.

A Ghastly Sight.

In Rajputana our officers saw the ghastliest sight of their lives. Outside the village lay a ghast skeleton, mutely witnessing to the fact that here some poor, faithful buffalo (once the helper and half-supporter of some poor family, by its daily yield of rich milk) had fallen prostrate, and in the agonies of starvation, had expired.

The hide and flesh had been torn from its bones, but near it still lingered, seeking some remnants of that horrid feast, a small completely-naked child of four or five years, and half-a-dozen pariah dogs; they fought for the fragments.

Died in Her Arms.

In the Panch Mahals, where the people are a simple but aboriginal race, called the Bhels, the distress continues very great. A dear European officer, Missin Nithya Bai, who has only been in India about nine months, is laboring there heroically with Major Nurse Gopal and others. She is not able to speak without tears of what she daily witnesses. At first, the sight of poor, dead bodies by the wayside was very shocking to her, but now, alas! it is a common sight. She never goes into her villages without the spectacle of some poor creatures who have dropped down in death.

A short time since she came across a whole family by the roadside. The father dead, a little dead child near, and still alive, the poor mother with a little dead infant in her arms. The dear Swedish girl, with her heart full



A Torrent of Gratitude.

of compassion, laid the poor woman's head on her shoulder and spoke some words of sympathy and help, but its sudden weight alarmed her, and looking down in her face she found that the woman had died in her embrace.

The Mad Struggle.

In Ajamer, where we have a weekly distribution of free grain, so great was the crowd that the aid of the police had to be called in to keep order, and prevent physical injury by the people trampling on one another in the mad struggle for the coveted help. The police estimated that at least 7,000 persons were gathered together, and, alas! we had only funds sufficient to give 200 of them a little each.

Again, a District Officer reports that a poor woman with two children came to him for relief. He gave her food, but almost immediately she expired. The police estimated that at least 7,000 persons were gathered together, and, alas! we had only funds sufficient to give 200 of them a little each.

Think, too, of the frightful ravages of the bubonic plague, speeding on its sorrow-making course in New South Wales, where, on May 1st, no more than 181 cases were reported, of whom no fewer than 68 had died. How many nerving braves would this dire enemy alone make?



The Soldier and the Soldier's Mother.

Consider also South Africa, with its already tens of thousands of casualties as the result of the combined weapons of war and disease. Consider the many broken-hearted fathers, mothers, children, and relatives, and of the sadness experienced by the multitudes of homeless refugees who have been driven from "pillar to post" by war's havoc. Consider the terrible suffering of heart, and mind, and body, of the tears and horrors which this horrid war means!

Come a little closer home and see the twelve thousand homeless ones in the cities of Ottawa and Hull, who were forced to spend their first night in the open-air. See the waste, and want, and woe caused by that right-angled holocaust.

Was ever Self-Denial launched when so many sufferers abounded? Were ever claims made upon you so momentous, so touching, so overwhelming? These poor creatures have to endure a forced Self-Denial.

Whatever Self-Denial you make, however, should, and doubtless will be, spontaneous, but in the light of these awful facts, what shall it be, and to what extent?

Suffering and self-denial formed a very important part in Christ's human life. He cheerfully, nay, gladly, endured the former and gloried in the latter, and speaking in the sense of suffering and self-denial, "The servant cannot be greater than his Lord."

The Salvation Army is doing what it can to relieve the suffering, and our dear people do not hesitate to voluntarily deny self in order to accomplish that merciful mission. Our barracks at Ottawa was instantly thrown open for the relief of the fire sufferers.

In South Africa our officers are caring for the wounded of Boer and British alike, with all the physical strength, and spiritual sympathy, and practical aid their resources can command.

P.S. to Mrs. Payne's Story.

The story of the Ottawa fire, as told by Mrs. Susan Payne on another page, must appeal to every sympathetic heart. Without going into the statistics of the loss, the interview gives us a pathetic picture of the privation and fright. In cold figures, the actual loss of our Rescue House, with nearly everything it contained, amounted to about one thousand dollars. When it is remembered that the tasteful and convenient fittings and furniture have almost wholly perished, and that scarcely anything of the personal effects of nearly twenty people were saved, we can estimate something of the calamity as it affects this branch of our work alone. Any relief, small or great, towards the relief of our comrades and their proteges now so sadly in need, will be thankfully received, and meet its own reward.



Pice Sufferers.



A Boy's Sacrifice.

The Greatest Success Up to Date—Brandon and Portage la Prairie
Give a Royal Welcome—Packed Houses at Each Place—
The Commissioner's Eloquence Captivates Intelligent
Audiences—A Triumphant Tour—Finances
Magnificent.

That the days of miracles are not past is, perhaps, abundantly testified to, and one more link in the mighty chain that negates the claim of the pessimist and doubter was forged last Sunday at the Winnipeg Theatre—and on this occasion it did not involve any violation of the Sabbath Day. To have seen the Commissioner on her arrival on Saturday afternoon, quite exhausted, and several ulcers in her throat, forbidding her to speak above a whisper, involving suffering from swollen glands, and indamed tonsils was about enough to try the faith of the most optimistic. However, our leader is not the one to let you down if there is a shadow of a chance of avoiding it: and while, perhaps, scarcely one out of a thousand of either sex would have attempted the great task of the campaign announced, Miss Booth rose to the occasion. To her physician, as well as to others of us who were aware of her serious condition, she was a marvel—and the embodiment of faith, courage, and heroism.

The large theatre was full—save a few seats in the back gallery—in spite of the fact of thousands being attracted on the streets by the church parade of a popular Fraternal Society. After the usual preliminaries the Commissioner sang, accompanying herself on the harp, to the evident appreciation of her audience. Then we listened to

determine but numbers expressed themselves of the inspiration it had proven to their own hearts, and that it strengthened their determination to live for those things of which it spoke. A prominent gentleman of the city stated it was the grandest and most powerful address he had ever listened to. It was an exquisite theme, and to do it justice demanded skilful treatment. That it fell into proper hands no one would attempt to deny, and we felt grateful for the gift God has given to us in the one He has

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These findings suggest that the use of a single, standardized, and validated instrument to assess the impact of a program may not be the best approach for all programs. The use of multiple instruments may be more appropriate for some programs, particularly those that are complex and have multiple outcomes. The use of multiple instruments may also be more appropriate for programs that are being evaluated in a formative or process evaluation context, where the goal is to understand the program's impact on a range of outcomes, rather than to measure a single, specific outcome.

He also stated that he had never heard the truth given in such a convincing manner, and felt that it must produce considerable conviction.

Miss Booth afterwards gave a little unprompted talk on some of the various phases of Army warfare, illustrating the same very aptly by stating that she had observed in a gold mine in Rossland that "treasures had to be dug for, and sought in the dark." So the Army went down—down into the darkness—and so found treasures that shall shine in the Kingdom to come.

Rev. Dr. Sparling, of Wesley College, afterwards spoke. He was always delighted to hear Miss Booth, and regretted being out of the city the previous day. He considered that the combined qualities of father and mother were apparent in the daughter—Miss Booth. After expressing his recognition of the need and success of the ARMY WORK, the Doctor closed with prayer and the benediction.

A very happy social hour of so followed. Several prominent ladies, not at all conversant with the Army, expressed the pleasure the event had proven to them, and all look forward to a similar gathering on the Commissioner's next visit. Thus closed a wonderfully successful campaign, successful from any standpoint considered.

It was feared that the great sand-storm, which raged all day, would affect the meeting. However, the large Opera House was packed by a splendid audience—both intelligent and responsive. The Commissioner's singing, and harp accompaniment, was immensely enjoyed.

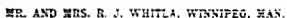
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The arrangements were splendid. The audience was delighted, and Branch will benefit much from the Commissioner's visit.

We have to employ superlatives in such cases, so that I am nearly run out, and will have to appeal to the Editorial Staff to come to the rescue if I do not soon finish.

Arrangements here, too, were splendid. Another packed house most of them, as at Brandon, had paid \$25.00 admission. The Commissioner's presence was the signal for hearty and prolonged applause. Her singing, and harp accompaniment, was a decided treat, and the singing of Willie and Pearl was also much appreciated. The address being the same as at Brandon, what has been said concerning that place will apply here.

Thus, it included a splendidly-successful tour. Finances were excellent, crowds magnificent, interest beautiful. The Commissioner's addresses were sublime. Everybody was delighted, except the devil, and he got "stuck in the neck."



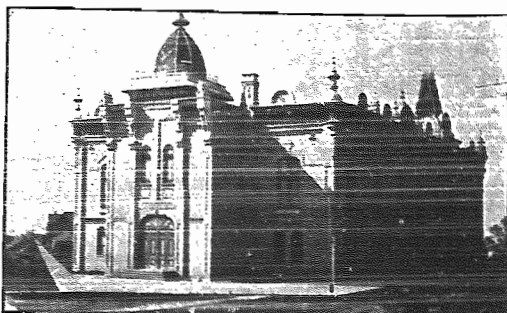
At whose residence the Commissioner conducted a search for stolen jewelry, a rooming house.



the soul-torturing subject announced, "The song of the city." For nearly an hour an ill-informed audience listened to the different choirs and harmonies that made up this grand song. There was the diapason furnished in the cry of the penitent—the soprano and high notes supplied by the children—sweet minors, changed by the martyrs—tenors and middle parts swelled by the adversaries as well as the joys of the redeemed sublime androgyny, rippling through the whole in the voice of the angelic choir. What a song! "What raptures! What thrills! What sublimity! We seemed to hear it all, as in rhythmic consequence our beloved Commissioner unfolded its sweet mysteries to us. How many lives will be eternally influenced by that address may be difficult to

mitted to minister to those splendid audiences that day.

The large theatre was packed before the time announced for the commencement of the meeting, and doors and aisles were blocked, while hundreds were turned away. The appearance of the Commissioner was the signal for a hearty clap throughout the building. A painful reaction followed, and a weary race and cry between the aisles, and a cry of sympathy at this moment as the steps across the stage. We are still anxious, however, and wonder whether her strength can hold out through the great strain of "Love's Sunset," or if her strength would her voice last? The Commissioner sings and plays the harp. Willie and Earl sing, and now Miss Booth sings her test, and a cry of faint at this, but she gathers strength as she goes, and seems as one marvelous.



GRACE CHURCH, WINNIPEG, MAN.

ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE COMMISSIONER'S MEETINGS WERE ADVERTISED
BY MAJOR SOUTHALE.

"He Counted Not His Life too Dear."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A STORMY night on the Southern Coast at the close of an autumn day—
A night of tempest, and fear, and death, to mariners bound that way;
For many a ship in sight of home was wrecked where no help could be,
And many a stout heart failed and fell, borne down by the raging sea.

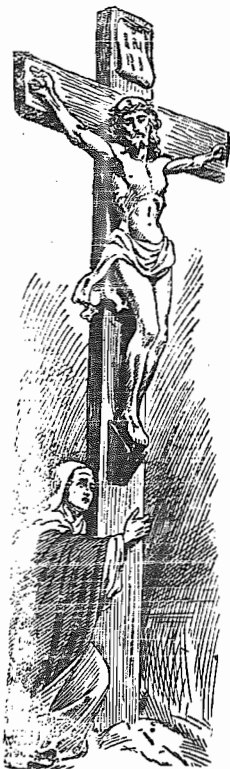
The giant billows, capped high with foam, drove fiercely toward the shore,
And dashed themselves on the white chalk cliffs, with long and deafening roar;
And over the waste the wild winds moaned, and heavily, now and again,
From every quarter outpoured at once, came torrents of driving rain.

In a lonely valley among the rocks, a league from the sea
port town,
A straggling hamlet of fisher-folk through many a year had
grown;
Their quaint thatched houses were bare without as the shel-
tering hills above,
But within they were bright with homely cheer, and fur-
nished and lined with love.

To-night, as the storm grew loud o'erhead, the breakers
were fierce below,
In anxious watching the men-folk there passed restlessly to
and fro;
And many a mother looked out and prayed for those away
on the foam,
Though the boats of the village were high and dry, and the
lads were all at home.

But only the little ones slept that night through all the
terrible gale,
For when, at midnight, its strength and force were just be-
ginning to fail,
There came through the darkness a sound more dread than
all that had gone before—
The signal-guns of a ship in distress away on the further
shore!

And soon the tramping of feet was heard in the byways
steep and bare,
And flickering lights on the beach revealed the villagers
gathering there;
All eager to help, yet holding back, by wind and by wave
dismayed,
The fishermen standing in groups apart, while the women
wept and prayed.



But suddenly forth a young man strode to the strip of sand between—
As brave a man in his guernsey blue, as ever that shore had seen.
"I'm going out to the rescue, mates!" he cried, with unflinching breath;
"Who'll bear a hand in the boat with me? We'll surely save some from death!"

"I will, Jack Lawrence!" "And I!" "And I!" the answering voices came—
For the bold resolve of the youth had set their laggard courage aflame—
And swiftly stalwart hands had dragged his boat to the waterside,
While others muttered, and called them mad, as they looked on the raging tide.

But now the light from their lanterns shone on a pale and anguished face,
As out from the further group there came, with swift yet tottering pace,
A woman, who fell at the leader's feet, and sobbed, in a voice of woe,
"Oh, John, my boy, it cannot be—you must not, shall not go!"

The shawl slipped from her silvery hair, as she clung to his feet with tears,
The sorrowful face upturned to his was older with griefs and years;
"You're all I've had in the world," she moaned, since your father was laid to rest,
Remember Hugh—your brother Hugh—who went sailing out to the West.

You mind him, neighbors?—how good he was—so handsome, and brave, and gay,
Amongst the men on the ship that day he stood the finest of all;
But the vessel pounded far out at sea, they told us the papers said,
And we shall look in his face no more till the sea gives up its dead.

And now my John—my only one—
Oh, say to him, friends—he may heed—
Bereaved of my children I am bereaved—
With never a chance to know his fate.

In troubled silence the people stood,
The far-off signal from Danger Reef
And all eyes turned on the hero lad,
And kissed her gently and held her fast.

"I must go, mother," he bravely said,
And through the rush and roar of the tide
"So many lads are in straits out there,
And if I die for their sake to-night, the

Her fainting courage revived at the view
She measured the anguish of other hearts
Her tremulous hands unclasped at last
And turning bravely, she whispered,

And now, while cheers rang out on the shore,
And the venturesome boat on the voya-
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's
"Please God all's well, we'll be home



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And the venturesome boat on her way
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the sea gives up its dead.

And now my John—my only one—is daring a watery grave;
Oh, say to him, friends—he may heed you—that this is no night to save
De-reaved of my children I am bereaved; and, lost on this surging sea,
With never a chance to know his fate, oh, what will become of me!"

In troubled silence the people stood, while urgently once again
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came pealing o'er the main;
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, as he raised her up from the strand,
And kissed her gently and held her fast in his strong encircling hand.

"I must go, mother," he bravely said, though his heart to its depths was stirred—
And through the rush and roar of the storm the break in his voice she heard—
"So many lads are in straits out there, we must try to bring them through;
And if I die for their sake to-night, the Lord will take care of you!"

Her fainting courage revived at the word, and, as by the grief of her own,
She measured the anguish of other hearts for those in the wreck o'erthrown.
Her tremulous hands unclasp'd at length—the conflict of love was won—
And turning bravely, she whispered, "Go, and God prosper thy way, my son!"

And now, while cheers rang out on the wind, the order to launch was given,
And the venturesome boat on the voyage of hope far out on the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words, as they broke from the shore
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day." [away,

But though the tempest had somewhat lulled, their progress was hard and slow—
Now tossed far up on the threatening wave, now drenched in the gulf below;
And still through the hiss of the blinding spray, torn off from the crests of foam,
They could hear the people, and see beyond the glimmering lights of home.

The night wore slowly: some friendly hands, when the stress of the storm had gone,
Lit up great fires on the hill above, that far through the darkness shone;
And some in the coastguard's hut, hard by, the mother's sad fears beguiled,
While she prayed, as only a mother can pray, that God would protect her child.

But when the first red flush of dawn was spreading over the deep,
And the billows in many a creek and cove were sobbing themselves to sleep,
A speck was seen on the sunrise track that stretched to the headland bare,
And the cry rose swiftly, "A boat! A boat! Jack Lawrence's boat is there!"

And larger and nearer the vision came, till a rousing challenge passed;
"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, lad? Are you bringing 'em safe at last?"
Like those who listen for life or death, in silence the watchers stood—
But never an answering word or sign came over the shining flood.

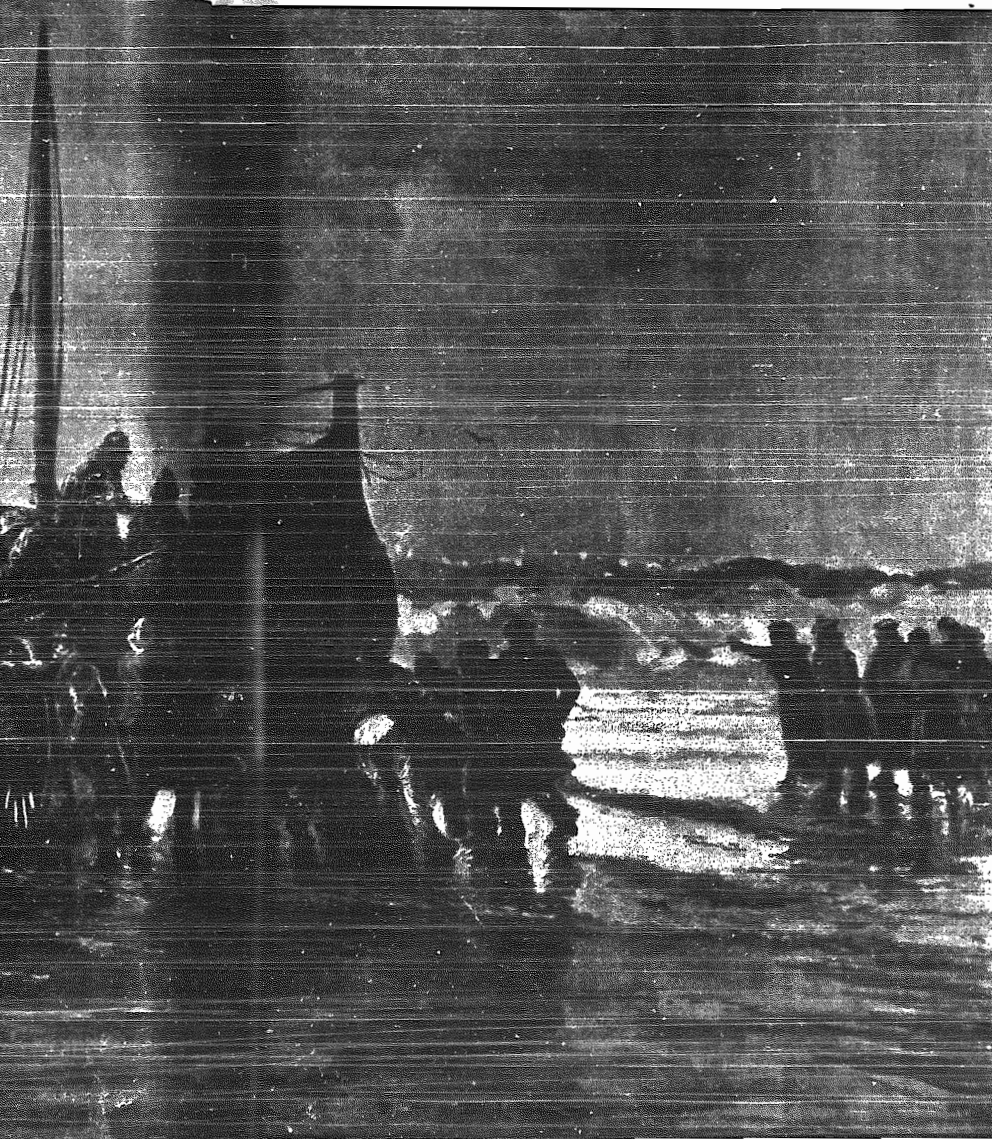
Once more the challenge—"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, comrade? Say!"
And this time faintly there came a cheer and the boatman's quick "Ay, ay,
We've got 'em!" And then a ringing call thrilled all the listeners through:
"Five saved! And, oh, tell mother, too, that one of 'em's brother Hugh!"

A shout went up from the lonely cove that startled the deep
again;
'Mid happy laughter, and smiles of joy, and tears like an
April rain,
The mother, half-dazed with rapture, breathed to the kindly
hearts around,
"My son that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost
is found!"

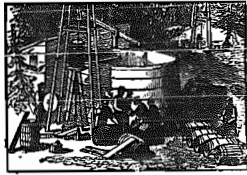
There was joy like that which the angels know in their
humble home that day,
For Hugh was saved, and, glad to yield, had promised with
them to stay;
While John, whose love for the souls of men no fear of death
could appal,
In love, and blessing, and joy of heart, had payment enough
for all.

Oh, brothers and sisters shielded safe from tempest, and
care and strife,
There are lost ones perishing hour by hour on the Danger
Reefs of life;
And, seeking to save the dear ones, mourned by hearts to us
unknown,
We shall find, it may be when Morning breaks, we have
loved and saved our own.

And, oh, the joy on the Other Side, when fear and storm
shall be o'er—
When, borne on the sunrise-track of death, we reach the
eternal shore—
We shall smile, when at home in the Father's House, on the
sorrows and dangers past,
And the sweet "Well done!" of the King shall make our
Heaven of heavens at last.



And now, while cheers rang out on the wind, the order to launch was given,
And the venturesome boat on the voyage of hope far out on the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words, as they broke from the shore away.
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day."

WEST ONTARIO
PROVINCE.

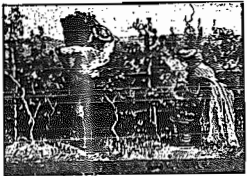
MAJOR McMILLAN.

BLENNHEIM.—We have said goodbye to Capt and Mrs. Dowell. Capt. White and Lieut. Penney have come to lead us on. Good crowd Sunday afternoon. Captain plays a cornet and makes quite an addition to our band. The Easter Cry was beautiful—choice reading, and the Commissioner's photo the best yet.—Lina Groom.

BRANTFORD.—On Sunday we had the pleasure of a visit from our old comrades, Bros. Whiffin and Markle, the latter better known as "Happy Day." The Spirit of the Lord came specially near in the holiness meeting, and at the conclusion two sisters knelt, at the Master's feet and sought pardon. The meetings all day were good. The hand worked faithfully, as did the other comrades.—Sillie Trombone.

"He Blamed It on His Wife."

LEAMINGTON.—A warm welcome from the people here was given Ensign and Mrs. Slat. They have three dear little ones—a little girl and two boys. Surely the family will prosper now. We are praying and believing for a great revival here. Interest is increasing and better times are expected. A good crowd listened to Ensign Sunday evening. Subject, "He blamed it on his wife." Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night fairly attended.—An interested spectator.

CENTRAL ONTARIO
PROVINCE.

MAJOR TURNER ASST. CO.

FRANKLIN.—Last Sunday afternoon one soul held up his hand for prayer. We make a daily trip round the Circle, and expect to hear a crash of the enemy's walls in a very early date. We already have bills out for some big goes in the near future. Lord bless the S.-D. effort.—A. W. McGregor, P. Lieut.

OMMEE.—Last week was a busy week. I went up to Lindsay to say goodbye to Adj. and Mrs. Fox. Their last meeting was splendid. I enjoyed it very much. Very good time visiting and Crys all sold out. Very good meetings on Sunday, and the largest crowd for a year. Secretary and Sergt.-Major Cornell welcomed back after being absent through sickness for the past twelve weeks. We are all glad to see them again. Best of all one sister volunteered out to the Mercy Sent; also on Tuesday night one sought the blessing of a clean heart.—C. H. B.

RIVERSIDE.—"Sixty Years through Smiles and Tears" was the very interesting subject of Staff-Capt. Munton's lecture on Thursday night. The meeting, indeed, was one of smiles and tears, for when the Staff-Captain gave the boyhood part of his experience not a few almost went into convulsions of laughter. The children sat, some stood, with eyes, ears, and even mouth open, enjoying the talk to the utmost, especially when he told how he had been sent to his room upstairs while his father went to get a

stick to punish him and he had escaped through the window, his father had nothing to hit when he got there. His aunt was out to the country and looked up in a tree and asked, "George, what do you do there?" "Getting a bird's nest," he said. Shortly all the people stayed in to the last, and were sorry when the end of that remarkable biography was related, for, don't you see, aged men and decrepit women named like children. But when the Staff-Captain told how his little one was taken from him, through his disobedience to God, tears were in many eyes. Many practical lessons were learned, which will not soon be forgotten. Commanding Staff-Captain, and give us "Muddies."—T.

STURGEON FALLS.—On Sunday morning after a hard battle, one dear backslider came back, and two souls came out for holiness. At night the barracks was overcrowded. All the week the meetings were good. Our little corps is growing, and the J. S. work is getting along well. We had twelve children on Sunday.—William Spinner.

TWEELE.—On Thursday night we had a social which was a decided success. A good program was rendered by the Juniors, consisting of recitations, action pieces, Bible drills, flag drills, readings, which were enjoyed by all present. Cake and coffee was in abundance. A good crowd partook of same. In addition to a free social for about 40 Juniors. Our rent, which was about two months behind, we have paid up to date.—Ensign Jones.

YORKVILLE.—After a hard day's fight with the enemy of souls all day Sunday, God gave us victory. The night meeting was a crowning time, when six precious souls were won and found the Saviour. Our motto is "Fight to Win, in the Self-Defeat battle."—A. Rose, Capt.

NEWFOUNDLAND
PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER SHARP.

"Enter Crys Went Fine."

PILLEY'S ISLAND.—Last Sunday was a day of blessing, and the meetings were much enjoyed by all. There was no difficulty in selling the War Cry. They went fine. In the afternoon the quarterly balance sheet was read, and at night Comrades Treas. Blackmore, J. S. S.-M. Normore, Orderly Sergt. Rice, and Bro. Steve Blackmore farewelled for Belle Isle. It was a touching time, and at the close five more souls knelt at the Cross.—Capt. James.

Ninety-two Souls for the Slog.

TILT COVE.—The Slog of 1900 has been a brilliant success. Ninety-two souls have been saved, twenty-six new soldiers have been enrolled, twenty old soldiers that have been backsliders for a long time have returned and taken their stand again and are doing well. Our indoor weekly attendances have increased from thirty-five to sixty-three, our soldiers' meeting attendances have increased from thirty-five to seventy-six, our knee-drill attendances have increased from twenty to fifty. Finances are very good, so the War Cry readers will see by these figures that the S. A. is rising down north. Officers and soldiers are all on fire, souls are still getting saved. To God be all the glory.—L. Smart, R. C.

TWILLINGATE.—Souls are getting saved all the time. We had a good day on Good Friday. Barracks picked at night. Enrolled nine soldiers. Had four out for salvation, and a good collection. War Cry all sold out. God bless our bombers.—Ensign Cooper.

PACIFIC
PROVINCE.

MAJOR HARGRAVES

From Hell to Heaven.

BUTTE.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Good crowds both outside and in. The Spirit and power of God were felt, and after a fight we had the joy of seeing one precious soul come to the Cross, who wept like a child; he afterwards testified that after having had hell on earth for a long time, he was glad that he had found peace at last. Praise God!—R. F., Reg. Cor.

MINISWOLA.—Officers received farewell orders, later on orders cancelled. From the 1st on orders cancelled we had an ice cream and cake social. Net proceeds \$20. Good meetings. Many under conviction, but none yielding. Officers making preparations for Self-Defeat target, which they are determined to raise.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Indian Evangelists.

SKAGWAY.—Captured at last, a man who has been around town all winter, going the rounds of the saloons and gambling houses, and occasionally listening at the open-air. He came to the meeting and surrendered to God, and says that he has found what he has long been seeking—true joy. Thank God for victory! The Indians who wintered here have nearly all returned to their home village, and are envying on men with good success among themselves. Souls are being saved, and there is rejoicing in the camp.—T. J. McGill, Adj.

A Bluejackets' Enrolment.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Splendid meetings. Thursday night a memorial meeting, ending with the enrolment of one of the blue jackets from H. M. S. "Vancouver." Before he got saved he "broke leave," and for six months he has only been able to come ashore two evenings each week. His time has now expired, so he can come every night and do his best for God and souls. He has a fine voice, so will be a help to the corps. Friday we had a good meeting. Mr. Itaper, an old friend of the Army, sang and took the lesson. Sunday, first good meetings. Adj. Smith and Ensign Thorildson, from the Indian corps on the West Coast, came to meet Commissioner; but, like the rest, were disappointed. We were glad to see them, especially Ensign Thorildson, who is an old friend of Victoria corps. They both helped in Sunday's meetings. One soul Sunday night, a Queen's soldier, got well saved. We have three "soldiers of the Queen" on the platform, one blue jacket, a little corner of the Naval and Military League.—M. Lewis.

EASTERN
PROVINCE.

MAJOR PICKERING.

Lasse Loans to the Front.

BEAR RIVER.—Lately we have seen God's power manifested in a wonderful manner. Some backsliders have returned, and we have quite a crowd of young folks converted, and working for the Master, who turn up

well for the meetings. Officers off to council, meanwhile we shall be led on by two lasses Sergt.-Majors. We are looking for great things to transpire in the coming summer.—Sec. E. A. M., for Hist. and Chandler, C. O's.

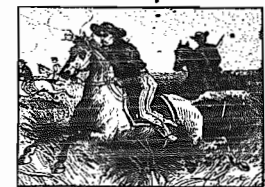
HALIFAX, I.—Adj. and Mrs. McLean have farewelled from this corps and District, after ten months of faithful work for God and souls. May the Lord abundantly bless them in their new field of labor. On Friday night we welcomed our new leaders, Adj. and Mrs. Fraser and Capt. Armstrong, among us. The Adjutant and wife were stationed here some ten years ago. We believe the Lord is going to make them a blessing to the corps, and to the sinners. A few souls have sought the Lord since their arrival here, one of the number a soldier of the Canadian Provisional Battalion of Infantry now stationed here.—Treas. Cashin.

A Four Hours' Fight.

FAIRBANKS, N. S.—The meeting on Sunday night lasted for four hours, a desperate fight in which two precious souls were captured from the enemy's ranks, which makes thirteen souls for the week. One man started to come to the meeting, and went home and tried to go to sleep; but the Spirit of God took such a hold of him that he had to get up out of bed and come down to the quarters at half-past twelve, just as we were laid down to have a little rest. We got up and prayed with him and he got blessedly saved, and went home at one o'clock in the morning, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.—Kitchie and Ebsary.

SOMERSET, B.C.—Sunday morning, one soul at knee-drill. At night we had a very clever o'clock, when everybody had gone to their homes except a few of the soldiers who prayed with a sailor lad who desired to give God his heart.—G. E. Harrison, J. S. Sergt.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Easter Sunday the Woodstock force were led on by Ensign McDonald, from Fredericton. Grand time at knee-drill, followed by a march around town. God's presence felt in all the meetings, but no visible results.—Kate Welch, Capt.; Winnie Jones, Lieut.

NORTH-WEST
PROVINCE.

MAJOR SOUTHALL.

FAIRGO.—Our new officers arrived on Friday night, Ensign Burton and Capt. Myers, from Calgary. We welcome them to our midst, and pray that God will make them a blessing.—Matt.

A Visitation Trophy.

GRAFTON, N. D.—Friday last our D. O., Ensign Dean, and Mrs. Capt. Taylor with us. Their music and singing were much enjoyed by all. We had a good meeting, and on some faces conviction was evident. While visiting to-day, a man who was sick earnestly sought and found salvation. Glory be to God! We are in for something, our S.-D. target.—Herringshaw and wife.

Use Your Chance.

When Edison, the Inventor, was a very poor young man, walking in the streets in search of work, he happened into a Wall Street office. The telegraph recording machine was out of order, and nobody could make it work. Instead of pleading his ease in general station, he simply asked whether he might try his hand on the bulky machine. He was permitted, and was successful. This was the turning-point in his career towards fortune. He not only had knowledge and skill enough to make a machine go, but he had wit enough to perceive the opportunity just at his hand.

KIT'S REDEMPTION.

The heavy shadows of evening were fast wrapping round the long, sunless day that brought gladness of gloom. In one still room heavier clouds of sorrow were crowding, where the sands of another day were fast running out.

They were alone together—mother and son. The ash-tray upon the pillow bore traces of marked refinements and the remnants of almost patrician beauty, yet the chamber of death was small and mean, and the luxuries of the sick-room were noticeably absent. The young man on his knees by the bedside bore scarcely sufficient resemblance to the dying woman to bespeak the close tie between them. Stephen Falconer could boast of no beauty, yet there were few men and fewer women who would not have turned a second glance at his strong, rugged features. Just now his face was full of the glow of hapiness and hope, the greatest he had ever known.

"Did he say he would come, Steve?" asked the sinking voice already husky with the hush of sorrow, she frequently repeated of stilling breath she had asked the same question twenty times during the last hour, and twenty times received the low, gentle assurance.

"Yes, mother. 'Coming immediate ly' was what the wire said.

"There is something I want to say before he comes," said the mother. It was significant that while she always spoke of her elder son, she never frequently referred to her younger simply by the pronoun. "I am dying with a heart full of anxiety for my son—anxiety for my little Kit. Not that he isn't a dear and the dearest ever could be, and the image of his father—only lately he has been so much from home that perhaps I've been unduly nervous for his well-being.

"This new position as foreign correspondent has taken him much away, mother," was all the excuse Stephen's honest heart would allow him to make.

"Oh, yes, I know; but, Steve, I've fancied lately—not that I blame him, his life has been one round of pleasures. It's always been cards, or billiards, or a smoking concert, when I've looked for him at home. He can't help loving life, Steve, he's his father's own boy in that, but God forbid that he should drop into the same grave."

Mrs. Falconer did not say what this grave had been—a drunkard's. Only too well did she know the reason of his father's indulgences, which had cut short his own life and impoverished his family.

"Steve, I've done all for him I could. You know that I have saved and economized to send him to college and start him on his career, and though he hasn't, perhaps, done his talents full justice, yet he has won everybody's good-will. The most popular fellow of his college is what they told me. Now I am dying, Steve—dying without seeing my Kit settled on the ground which gives me hope—he's everything but one thing, Steve—my little Kit's not a Christian yet. I leave him to you, I know I've alighted you sometimes, my son. Dear, as I love you both, I couldn't help loving Kit best; but more than gratitude and love, I want you to look after Kit. You have your ambition, my son, I know, Steve, and God give you your heart's desire, for it is a noble one; but promise your dying mother that you'll look after Kit first.

"Mother, I will, and the solemn tones made the words sound more like a vow than a promise.

A few minutes later and the mother's blue-veined hand rested on the last curls of her favorite, who was sobbing out his grief with all the fervor of his passionate nature. He had reached home, but just in time—the effort which she had put into the last conversation with Steve had spent her ebbing strength, and she could barely breathe her blessing over her boy.

"You have been all the world—to your mother, Kit. Meet her in heaven." When again her dying eyes towards Stephen, with a last effort she said, "Remember!"

Stephen and Keith Falconer were motherless.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Steve, about our holding together. Of course, I know you're the dearest old fellow in the world, and a hundred times too good to be brother to me; but we'll like each other better at a distance after the death of the old blue, old man, I don't mean anything more than this: You're all for religion, and study, and work, and I am, to be quite frank, all for play and pleasure, and wine, I suppose you say, 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' You must go your way, and I must go mine. To let this splendid chance in Canada go by for a scruple would be folly, man."

Then Stephen felt the time had come to speak plainly. Hitherto he had only thought the proposition of the North-West situation on the ground of the distance it would separate the two brothers.

"Kit," he began, using the old pet name of his brother's boyhood, "I don't want you to go away out there, because I'm afraid for you. It's been hard enough for you to keep steady in London, and it will be harder out West. There are fewer cords of society there to hold you, less sense of restraint, and, oh, Kit, you know nothing of the Higher Power to help you. I don't say you've gone far wrong yet, but don't go further."

Kit flushed up. His slow, still brother so rarely spoke out, and he shame-facedly thought of how much further his wrong-going lay than Steve had and than even of still, he was fonder of himself than of his brother, and had no intention of yielding his point.

"Never fear," he said. "There's nothing like a fresh scene to help me follow to break off old companions. I shall be all right. As to being lonely, of course I shall miss you, but then I always manage to get along with folks."

"Only too well," thought Steve bitterly, and despite Kit's world-be friendliness, and Steve's regret and longing, there was a coldness in the brother's farewell.

"Six months and no letter!" Stephen Falconer looked down at the small correspondence of his morning's mail with an anxious face. Keith had now been away nearly twelve months, and for the first time since he had written home fairly regularly, letters full of charm, which his clever pen knew so well how to throw around the description of foreign scenes. Amid the dreary drudgery of his own daily task Stephen would read these without a trace of envy. Ever since his father died he had taken the burden of their mortgaged affairs upon himself, and putting aside his own ambitions to wealth and power, he had taken on an uncongenial task to repay their debts, and keep for his mother some home together. It seemed quite right to him that Kit should have a good time. The letters gave no cause for uneasiness. They were warm and well-meaning, and Stephen began to tell himself that perhaps, after all, his fears had been groundless, and that the change might even be reforming Kit. Then the letters were fewer and further apart, and by-and-by ceased altogether.

Now Steve was face to face with the question as to how to find him. There seemed but one thing to do—to go in Stephen's shoes and read these without a fact, that, for the first time since his father's death, the debt on the family was now clear, he was gaining promotion in his situation, and the future did not look so far distant when he might purchase, by his own savings, the education which would fit him for a life of medical ministry.

Keith looked round the room—it was filled with new books on his favorite science; he opened the small cash-box—already the small store was growing, but a reminder as from another world, so like did it seem to his father's. And then he thought that there was just sufficient to pay his bill for the passage. Must he give up all his cherished ambitions just when they seemed near fulfillment, to search for a brother who would be little likely to thank him for his pains? For a moment the struggle was keen. He was tortured with suggestions that after all he could do more good to

the world by remaining and following his own bent. Then again came that self-whisper: "Promise to put Kit first," and Stephen Falconer fell on his knees to renounce his hopes and ask God-speed to his quest.

Five years had slipped by, but still the lost brother was missing. When the last brother was asked, "When the last brother was asked, his North-West home, he had flown to one knew whither. He had got into some gauding difficulties, and had sought to extricate himself by taking the which was not his own way, but, however, the debt was discovered, Keith had vanished. All through the prairies of the North-West and then down through the States, Stephen wandered on. On the way a change came to himself—he met the Salvation Army and through its agency found what, upright man though he had ever been, he had not previously known—a present and experimental religion. Then Stephen found the vigor of his young manhood into the service of God, and as a Salvation Army Captain sought to heal men's souls, as he had once dreamed of alleviating their bodies. But all the time Kit thought of him, and from him. Every meeting he scanned the people for a sight of the face that never came, and his soldiers wondered why a man so blessed in the work should have such a burden on, and were false to the suspicion of his long search had made of Stephen an old man before his time.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and the open-air ring was large that night, swayed by the music, who had come in from the outlying ranches. Stephen spoke that night as he had never spoken before. He seemed to feel eternity already begun, and some said afterwards, as his great voice broke that night, that he had been like an angel. Suddenly there was a cry from the hotel that stood opposite—the stirring thrill of fire. The little meeting closed hurriedly, and soldiers and farmers hurried out, and a band, but there was no organized fire brigade in that lonely place, and few water facilities, and the flames spread rapidly. At the first alarm the landlord with his family, and the few bar-keepers and waiters, and someone was remarking, as the fire rose higher, that at any rate no lives were in danger, when a scream of mortal terror rang out. The rosy shock of the stout landlord turned white.

"My God! I've forgotten him!" he murmured. "He's a tramp as came last night. I left him to sleep his boozed off."

At an upper window there appeared the terrible sight of a man still intoxicated amongst the flames. Blankets were held, and cries raised for him to "jump!" but it was no use. The poor creature either could not understand or was too drunk to heed. "There's no chance for him," was the verdict of the crowd—"unless someone'll go and fetch him."

It was almost certain death to attempt it, yet Stephen pressed forward. His great heart, his brother made him lender towards all humanity. The crowd watched him disappear amongst the smoke of the doorway, and then stood breathless to see the failure or success of his search. Half-blinded with smoke, searched by the flame, Stephen succeeded in reaching the room, only just in time, for the stairs led in behind him. He reached the terrified man, "Jump!" he said, and laid his shoulder on his shoulder. The man turned, Stephen nearly fainted—it was his brother. The recognition was mutual, but there was no time for a word, for the flames were pouring the window sashes. Even then, Keith seemed to have lost the power to act for himself, and Steve had to throw him into the blanket. Then he, too, jumped, amid the deafening cheers of the crowd. His arms were raised, and his younger brother got no more than shinking; the elder fell awkwardly and fractured his spine.

There were but a few minutes for a firework, for Stephen's injury was a fatal one. Understanding the relationship between the two men, the crowd shrank back with the cruel delinquency of Western men, and left the brothers together.

"Thank God, Kit, I've found you. I came to America to do it, and God has given you back to me. Promise me that you'll serve your mother's God before I go."

Kit was overcome with grief and remorse, yet he managed to breathe into the dying ear the promise, and subsequent years have told how well he kept his word. Thus Steve put his hands into his brother's and said: "It's all right, Kit; you did not understand me, thought we could not get on together, but we'll be friends as well as brothers in heaven, and it's worth while dying to hear you say you'll do the right."

A few seconds more—very painful but very peaceful ones—and Steve Falconer's spirit had fled—his passing was the price of Kit's redemption.—A. L. P.



THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 7-24.

The pretence to this parable implies the lesson which Christ was constantly seeking to convey by His words, and which the eloquent testimony of His whole life went to teach the lesson of humility. There are some things in the thought that man had to be educated in this most attractive grace by a Divine example, and that it took an act of submission, nay, of degradation, on the part of the Creator to teach the creature his place.

And how few of us know it even now. For more than half Christendom the hardest lesson it ever has to master is the knowledge and possession of true humility of heart, and all the different things or professions of great humility with which abject travesty, the world and the church has been sickened again and again. Perhaps when we look upon the gifts and may have given us more in the light of these two lines:

"Nought that I have, my own I call, I hold it for the Giver."

We shall know more of genuine humility, as well as unreserved consecration.

This is the parable of excuses, and its lesson is one emphatic denial to the so-called "reasons" which men give why they cannot attain to a question of love to the Lord their God with all their heart, which means, of course, that they will as wholly serve Him with all their life.

"Can anything finite transcend in importance that which is infinite? Can a question of time outweigh a demand of Eternity? Oh, when will men more widely see and acknowledge that the spiritual part of their nature is so immeasurably of greater value than the least of their possessions cannot be forgotten in the claims of to-day?"

DRAWING ROOM RECEPTION.

Pleasant Afternoon Gathering at Mr. Whittle's—Address by Miss Booth.

A pleasant feature of the celebration of the visit of Commissioner Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, to Winnipeg, was the drawing-room reception given to her by the ladies of the city at the residence of Mr. J. L. Whittle. The proceedings were largely of a social nature, and the "at home" afforded an opportunity which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the prominent citizens who take an interest in Miss Booth's work. Miss Booth expressed herself as highly delighted with the kindness of the friends she had met in the city, and she gave an address, which was listened to with great interest, telling a little of her own personal experience in the Salvation Army. Her little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, were with her, and contributed no little portion to the entertainment. The afternoon tea was served, and Mrs. Whittle made the "at home" in every way enjoyable to the guests. Major and Mrs. Southall and a number of the officers of their corps were present, and were present—Winnipeg Free Press.

The humble are always lifted up in heart.

MUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

Nigger Looms up on the Horizon and defeats all Comers—What Happened to Mag?—The Eastern Star as Phoenix—
"Conquer or Bust!"

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province	87
West Ontario Province	85
East Ontario Province	79

"What's the matter with Nigger?"

Chorns (mostly members of the C. O. P.): "He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Why, Nigger?" (There were exclamations of "Arab," "Mag," in the dim, just discernible, though the vast majority yelled out "Nigger.")

It remains to be seen whether this is Nigger's winning gambit, or merely an occurrence.
next week.

It was my solemn duty last week to warn Brigadier Pugmire of the subtle designs of Major McMillan. My past experience with the West Ontario Province is best put in the language of the immortal Bayard Rustin: "It's safest to leave 'er alone."

My solemn warning did not evidently meet with a gratifying reception from Brigadier Pugmire, consequently he has dropped to third place this week. Brigadier Pugmire must have more faith in my "storm-signals" in future.

The sad look on the countenance of Nigger is relaxed somewhat. The lines of the mouth are becoming more hopeful. The eyes are losing that "weary Willie" aspect. The ears are so alert that you can hang your hat on them, while the whiskers on the chin look like "quills on the fretful porcupine."

The question of the hour is, "How long will Brigadier Pugmire rest his men before another attack is made? If he wants Mag to be in good fettle, he should feed her, not on Quaker Oats, but Victory Oats. They're very filling, and saturated to add speed to any horse that uses them regularly."

Lieut. Smith adds another scalp to her belt, capt. Sizer is "not in it" this week. I wouldn't be astonished at anything now, though. She is no doubt getting desperate.

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 105	North-West. 38
Pacific	31
Newfound'd. 15	
Klondike ...	2
Totals.. 105	86

Phoenix-like, the Eastern Province has risen from its ashes.

Won't Major Pickering feel glad? Won't he enjoy his rivals being? What a change in his countenance! Oh, happy day!

For some reason or other most all the Provinces are below par this week. What's the cause?

Lieut. Long, of Rossland, rises to the dizzy height of 310. How does it feel up there, Lieut?

The Klondike Expedition Party will never be absent from these pages while the House of McGill remains at Skagway. My best gilt-edged remarks to you.

Can anyone on the Island tell me why that famous corps at Bay Roberts is so seldom mentioned in the Honor roll? I have heard many complimentary remarks about it, and am at a loss to understand why it doesn't shine more in the booming time.

The Bermudians are not backward in coming forward. They soon develop into able exponents of the art of booming. We have many hustlers down that way. Will some of them kindly send a few lines of a write-up

"Reading Improves the Mind."



THIS old saying is strictly truthful in relation to our Publications. The Prices, too, put them within the reach of every household.

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SEND FOR SAMPLES TO THE

TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. TEMPLE,

TORONTO, ONT.

on how they boom the Cry among the inhabitants of the Land of the Lily and the Onion?

Noncommittal is somewhat down this week. Never do you know! There must be no turning back.

The well-beloved Commandant used to tell a story of an emigrant who was crossing the Western States with "Colorado or Bust" written large on the wagon cover. That same spirit, applied in another direction, will not be amiss in the hearts of all boomers.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

S. M. Thompson, Hamilton I.	121
Lieut. Leggat, Barrie	81
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	77
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	73
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	73
Sergt. M. Pearce, Temple	70
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	60
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	53

Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	55
Mrs. Bayberry, Lisgar St.	52
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	52
Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	50
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	50
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	50
Capt. White, Riverside	48
Sergt. Major Boyer, Brantford	46
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	43
Capt. McEwan, Collingwood	43
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	40
Bro. Smith, Midland	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	40
Capt. Lott, Greyhound	40
Capt. Barrack, Meaford	40
Capt. Stoddier, Riverside	38
Lieut. Stickells, Parry Sound	38
Capt. Huskinson, Parry Sound	37
Sergt. Gilles, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Christopher, Sudbury	35
Capt. Beattie, Sudbury	35
Capt. Wadge, Fergusham	35
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenton Falls	35
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	35
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	34
Dad Dixon, Temple	34
Ensign Hale, Bracebridge	34

Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	30
Cadet Brown, Temple	30
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	30
Cadet Stacey, Midland	30
Sister Schubert, Temple	30
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	30
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Young, Brooklin	30
Capt. Daless, Midland	30
Cadet Stacey, Midland	30
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	30
Mother Currie, Hamilton I.	30
Sergt. Gee, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. Hauser, Newmarket	30
Cadet Porter, Lippincott	30
Cadet Busley, Lippincott	30

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	15
Capt. Greer, Windsor	15
Capt. Sizer, Woodstock	15
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	15
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	15
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford	15
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	15
Lieut. Howcroft, Stratford	15
Ensign Skote, Lexington	15
Sergt. Yeomans, London	15
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	15
Capt. Pye, Sarnia	15
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	15
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	15
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	15
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	15
Mrs. Downes, St. Thomas	15
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	15
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	15
Capt. Jordison, Perth	15
Ensign Collier, Wingham	15
Lieut. Rugler, Simcoe	15
Dolly Foster, Petrolia	15
Sergt. Golding, Stratford	15
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	15
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	15
Capt. Lockin, Tilsonburg	15
Treas. Mrs. Cook, Chatham	15
Mrs. McGinn, Blenheim	15
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	15
Capt. Burrows, Rayfield	15
Ensign Wakelied, London	15
Capt. Gibson, Perth	15
Capt. Coy, Dresden	15
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	15
Eva Simpson, Guelph	15
Bro. Dearling, Hespeler	15
See Gifford, Simcoe	15
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas	15
Mrs. Capt. Duxell, Senfirth	15
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	15
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	15
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	15
Capt. Coe, Hespeler	15
Capt. Hady, Ridgeway	15
Mother Collins, Essex	15
Sister Featherstone, London	15
Sergt. Schwartz, Galt	15
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	15
Capt. Williams, Galt	15
Capt. Huntington, Essex	15
Lieut. Stickells, Sarnia	15
F. Palmer, London	15
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	15
Capt. Bonny, Wyoming	15
Etha Pulver, London	15
Capt. Dowell, Senfirth	15
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	15
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	15
Sergt. Erb, Berlin	15
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	15
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	15
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	15
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	15
Capt. Copeman, Theford	15
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	15
Lieut. Carley, Norwich	15
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	15
F. S. M. Virtue, Blenheim	15
Lieut. Kennedy, Sarnia	15
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	15
J. Christner, Dresden	15
Bro. Musgrove, Wroster	15
Lieut. Knuckie, Galt	15
Lieut. Thompson, Bowdoin	15
Mrs. Howers, St. Thomas	15
Handman Fleming, London	15
Lieut. Crank, Stratford	15
Mrs. Steele, Petrolia	15
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	15
Sister Wakelied, Petrolia	15
Handman Buras, Dresden	15
Marshall Bean, Wallaceburg	15
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	15
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	15

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	20
P. S. M. Veal, Barry	20
Capt. Howers, St. Albans	20
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	20
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pleton	20
Capt. Brown, Burlington	20
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	20
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	20
Mrs. Howers, St. Albans	20
Capt. Grose, Prescott	20
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	20
Lieut. Yandow, Cornwall	20

Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	70	Capt. Welch, Woodstock	39
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	66	Lieut. McLennan, Chatham	49
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	62	Sergt. Sauter, Hamilton	35
Bro. Moors, Montreal I.	62	Mrs. Capt. McIlheney, New Glas-	
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	60	gow	35
Capt. Craig, Coburg	55	Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro	35
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	50	Sister S. Holden, Windsor	35
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50	Cadet Purdy, St. John III.	34
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	50	Lizzie Jones, St. Johns III.	30
Ensign Stalgies, Gananoque	50	Lieut. Hawbold, Sydney Mines	30
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque	50	Russ Benzley, Moncton	30
Ensign Yereck, Brockville	50	Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	26
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville	50	P. S. M. Treadwell, Newcastle	26
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	49	Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	25
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	48	Capt. J. Green, New Glasgow	25
Capt. Hatch, Newport	48	Sergt. G. Rice, Glace Bay	25
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	48	Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	47	Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	25
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	46	Maud Bennett, Somerset	25
Lieut. Brooketa, Kemptville	46	D. Virgil, Southampton	25
Capt. Carter, Belleville	40	P. Volans, Fredericton	25
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II.	40	Bro. Knaub, Fredericton	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	40	Capt. Clark, Amherst	25
Lieut. Ludlow, Barre	40	Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	25
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40	Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40	Sergt. Donovan, Fredericton	25
Lieut. Croser, Trenton	40	Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	25
Capt. Inxtable, Quebec	35	Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Capt. Ross, Quebec	35	Mrs. Chapman, Springhill	25
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	35	A. Hannie, Bridgetown	40
Capt. Barber, Burlington	35	E. Hannie, Bridgetown	40
Capt. Crego, Kentville	35		
Wille Willaous, Montreal I.	35		
Mrs. Burke, Belleville	35		
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	31		
Sergt. Cogana, Kingston	31		
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	31		
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	31		
Annie McCorkel, Ottawa	30		
Lieut. Newell, Barre	30		
Capt. Gammaidge, Saultury	27		
Bro. Matthews, Ottawa	25		
Capt. Mumford, Trenton	25		
Sergt. Shonis, Kingston	25		
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	25		
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25		
Sergt. Leake, Montreal I.	25		
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	25		
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	25		
Capt. Stainforth, Napanee	24		
Lieut. Lang, Napanee	24		
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	24		
Ensign Jones, Tweed	23		
Capt. Weir, Millbrook	23		
J. S. S.-M. Russell, Millbrook	23		
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	20		
Capt. Green, Perth	20		
Lieut. Langford, Arnprior	20		
Capt. Tytus, Arnprior	20		
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	20		
Sister Vancour, Montreal I.	20		
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	20		
Ensign Sims, Barre	20		
Sergt. Hayma, Barre	20		
Capt. Ash, Odessa	20		
Mad Duquet, Trenton	20		

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

105 Hustlers.

Capt. Pierce, Sydney	150
Sergt. Venoit, Halifax II.	125
S. M. Smith, Windsor	125
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	125
C. Thompson, Glace Bay	125
J. McQueen, Moncton	115
E. White, Campbellton	110
Sergt. Mirey, St. John I.	100
Lieut. A. Marthouga, N. Sydney	100
N. Flood, Hamilton	100
Mrs. Sauter, Hamilton	100
Maude Adams, Halifax I.	100
Capt. Fleming, Halifax I.	90
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	90
Capt. A. Allan, Carleton	90
Capt. Bell, St. George's	85
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	85
Cadet Dwyer, Somerset	85
Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	80
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	80
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.	75
Sister Reid, St. John I.	75
Lieut. Melk, Newcastle	61
Mrs. Jess, Kentville	60
Patner Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	57
Cadet McDonald, New Glasgow	52
Sister Linton, St. John V.	50
Lieut. Gilmervan, Stellarton	50
Capt. McIlheney, New Glasgow	50
P. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
S. M. Lawson, St. Stephen	50
L. Bond, Summerside	50
Capt. Ritchie, Canning	50
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Ryan, Truro	50
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Frederic-	
ton	
E. Lebars, Hamilton	47
Nell Smith, Digby	45
Ensign Ebsary, Annapolis	45
Capt. Fancey, Pictou	45
Lieut. Brown, Pictou	45
Lieut. Lebars, Truro	40
Ensign Larder, Chatham	40

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

38 Hustlers.

Cadet Miller, Winnipeg	120
Capt. Hlodgett, Grand Forks	83
Lieut. McLeod, Medicine Hat	65
Sergt.-Major Curtis, Portage la	
Prairie	65
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	60
Capt. Pierce, Larimore	58
Mrs. Capt. Gillan, Carman	50
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	48
Capt. Barrager, Port William	48
Lieut. Custer, Regina	43
Mrs. Rushbrock, Portage la	
Prairie	43
Capt. Myers, Devils Lake	40
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	39
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	39
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	39
Capt. Livingston, Prince Albert	37
Capt. Bussan, Jamestown	37
Lieut. McInre, Port William	37
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	37
Lieut. Custer, Jamestown	37
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	36
Lieut. Potter, Leithbridge	35
Capt. Mitchell, Leithbridge	35
Sister E. Collier, Souris	35
Sister Miller, Winnipeg	35
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	33

Sister F. Pogue, Nelson	60
Capt. Miller, Nipmoo	60
Lieut. Floyd, Asacunda	54
Capt. Scott, Helena	50
Sergt. Boothroyd, Westminister	50
Adjt. Stevens, Helena	48
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Westminister	40
Sister Hill, Vancouver	40
Sister Porter, Victoria	38
Sister Mrs. Monteth, Dillon	35
Sergt. Nesbitt, Dillon	32
Mrs. Denndon, Victoria	30
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	30
Mrs. Nordstrom, Nelson	25
Sister Mithner, Victoria	25
Sergt.-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

Cadet Cumminges, St. Johns I.	65
Cadet Churchill, St. Johns I.	65
Clark Curry, Tilt Cove	63
Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. Jessie Lidston, St. Johns I.	40
Sergt.-Major Blackmore, Tilt Cove	
Island	35
Cand. March, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Shano, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	30
Sergt. Wray, Twillingate	25
Sergt. Whittier, Twillingate	25
Lieut. Foote, Tilt Cove	24
Sergt. B. Hiscok, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. M. Rose, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns I.	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway	115
Adjt. McGill, Skagway	67



To Parents, Relations and Friends

We search for missing persons in any part of the globe, including those who are young, who are wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Every cent should be sent, if possible, to defray our expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

WRIGHT, WM. NELSON. Age 40. Fair hair, dark moustache, blue eyes. Trade Unions. Left home 21 years ago. Last heard of four years ago in San Francisco, Cal. Mother anxious.

SILLES, MRS. LIZZIE. A soldier in Yorkville corps thirteen years ago. Afterwards Cadet at Palmerston and Walkerton. Last seen in Toronto ten years ago. Friends anxious.

BENNISON, JOIN. Age 30. Last known address, five years ago, 336 Ohio Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Friends anxious.

TULLY, EDWARD. Left Dresden about 12 years ago. Last heard of 8 years ago in Denver, Col. Brother enquires.

* Information wanted of ROSE MAUD. Last left home in Uby, Mich., September, 1899. Last heard of at Orino, Idaho, or Kalspell, Montana, about December 1st. Age 18 years, blue eyes, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 155 lbs. Parents very anxious.

Second Insertion.

SLY, ROBERT JAY. Member of 1st Washington Infantry. Served a year in Manila. Fair, 5 ft. 8 in., rather stout. Last heard from last November, at Stock Spokane hospital. Fled very anxious.

McKAY, WILLIAM JAMES. Age 57, 5 ft. 10, dark complexion, hair and eyes. Last heard from in Vancouver, B. C. English friends anxious.

TOFT, MARGARET (nee Peterson). Nationality, a Dane. Married, and left her husband in '88, taking one of the children with her. Husband wishes to make an agreement with her.

FRENCH, MR. ROBERT. Was in police force, Scotland Yard, London, England, 16 years ago. Mrs. G. Beck enquires.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

Lieut. Long, Rossland	140
Sergt. Glenn, Butte	140
Lieut. Morris, Billings	170
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Great Falls	130
Lieut. Galt, Revelstoke	102
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	92
Capt. Ledrew, Victoria	90
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingstn	80
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, New Whatcom	71
Mother Hooker, New Whatcom	71
Sister Lewis, Victoria	70
Capt. Walruth, Anconia	65
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	64
Sister H. Kaulson, Nelson	62



Self-Denial's Gift.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 220, 1);
Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Oh, Son of God, Who didst deny
Thyself of heaven, for me to die,
And live a life of self-denial,
A life of sorrow and of toil,
Help me, dear Lord, to live like Thee.
A saviour of mankind to be!

Thy life was spent in doing good,
In giving souls and bodies food;
Self-abnegation was Thy theme,
Thy life-long work souls to redeem.
Help me, dear Saviour, so to live,
New strength for service do Thou
give.

Just now my all to Thee I give,
A self-denial life to live;
Oh, take possession of me now,
With holy fire seal Thou my vow!
Accept my humble sacrifice,
And make me like Thyself, oh, Christ!
Harry Davis

Self-Denial Love.

Tunes.—Christ is all; or, Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9) without the chorus.

2 What caused our God to send of
earth
His Son, to be of humble birth?
"Twas self-denial love.
Why did He give His Son to be
A ransom both for you and me?
"Twas self-denial love.

Chorus.

Oh, it was love; yes, wondrous love;
"Twas self-denial love
Brought my Saviour from above,
"Twas self-denial love.

What caused my Lord to freely give
His life that sinful men might live?
"Twas self-denial love.
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive,
they know not that by Me they
live!"
"Twas self-denial love.

In dark Gethsemane, so dear,
He drank the cup without a fear;
"Twas self-denial love.
"Father, Thy will be done!" He cried,
And then my Lord was crucified,
"Twas self-denial love.

Dear Lord, give each of us to-day
That love which chaseth fear away—
More self-denial love;
Help us to spread through every land
That story so sublime and grand,
Of self-denial love.

Will You Self Deny?

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S.
M. 11, 62).

3 How much can you suffer for Je-
sus?
In His service how much will
you lose?
At His cross will you still kneel, ad-
oring,
And the cross which He gives you
refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord!
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to
praise;
Dare you face the lessons of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner up-
raise?

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the
name;
Would you seek to gain by His suf-
ferings,
Whilst shirking a share in His
shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus.
In the way to the crown He will
give?

There are cruel deceivers and stand-
ers;
A life on these terms will you live?

As smitten, and yet not "forsaken";
"Not destroyed," though often "ea-
down."
As "truthful," yet counted "deceiv-
ers,"
Our God will our characters crown!

Push on, Comrades.

"Oh, weary one, on sin's hard road,
Come to Me;
Lay at My feet your heavy load,
Come to Me;
Come, I will give you perfect rest,
And peace will reign within your
breast,
And you shall pardoned be, and
blest—
Come to Me.

"I will not cast one soul away.
Come to Me;
But, oh, repent while yet 'tis day!
Come to Me;
For night is coming on apace,
When you no more may seek My face.
Then just will be your day of grace;
Come to Me."

Delay Not.

Tunes.—There's mercy still (B.J. 15);
Bound for Canada's shore (B.J.
112).

6 Salvation, precious gift of God,
To all mankind is free;
Come, sinner, seek the cleansing
Blood,
While Jesus waits for thee.

Gratitude has filled your heart
With cruel thoughts and wrong;
From hateful sin you cannot part,
For Satan's chains are strong.
Seek mercy now, for Jesus knows
The strength and power of sin;
He speaks and quickly overthrows,
Your enemy within.



COLONEL JACOBS

accompanied by

BRIGADIER GASKIN,

with the

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

will visit

Lisgar St. Sunday, May 27.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

will visit

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25.
Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.
Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

Temple, Sunday, May 27.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. FRIEDRICH

Yorkville, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR MCILLAN

will visit

Montreal, Friday, May 25.
Palmerston, Sat. and Sun.,
May 26, 27.

MRS. BRIGADIER GASKIN AND MRS.

MAJOR TURNER.

Montford, Sat. and Sun., May
26, 27.
Collingwood, Monday, May 28.
Barrie, Tuesday, May 29.



MAJOR COLLIER

Lippincott, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR TURNER

Midland, Friday, May 25.
Perry Sound, Sat. and Sun.
May 26, 27.
Barrie, Monday, May 28.
Newmarket, Sat. and Sun.,
June 2, 3.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STANTON

with the

LIFE BOAT CREW

will visit

Dovercourt, Monday, May 28.
Lisgar St., Wednesday, May 30.
Lippincott St., Thursday, May
31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STANTON

Huron St., Sunday, May 27.

ADJUTANT PAGE

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 27.

And the nations shall come howling
at His call.

Push the battle on with force, till we
over Jordan cross,
To the country where our comrades
all are gone;
Who have fought the fight and won,
and have heard the glad "Well
done!"
"Till with them we praise the Saviour
round the throne.

The Saviour Calls.

Tunes.—Behold the Lamb (B.J. 276);
What's the news? (B.J. 12); Better
world (B.J. 11).

5 The Lord is calling. Hear Him
say,
"Come to Me;
Why madly rush in sin's dark way?
Come to Me.
Why go unpardoned to the grave?
To ransom you My life I gave,
And I am waiting now to save;
Come to Me.

